

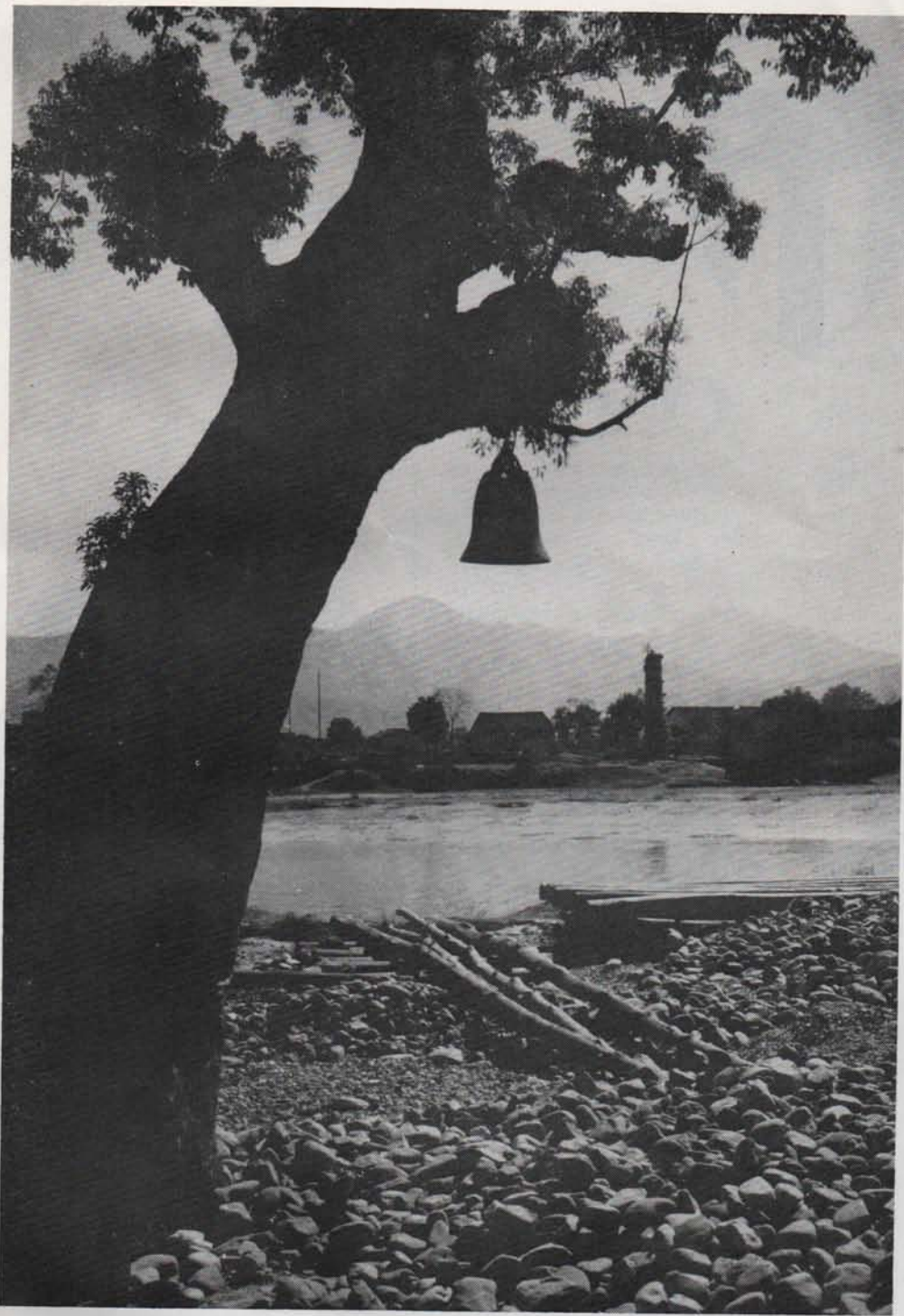


Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JUNE 1970





BELL hangs from tree on bank of river near a Chinese village. Photo by Dottie Yuen Leuba.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 25, No. 6

June, 1970

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover illustration**, from an official Air Force photo, shows Chinese workers pulling stone roller over a new strip being built for the Air Transport Command at Hsintsin, China.

● **A new item** now available to Roundup subscribers is the CBI emblem tie tack. Same size as the lapel button we've sold for years, the tie tack has a sharp prong on the back with a clutch fastener. It can be worn through a tie, or in a coat lapel without button-hole. It's priced at \$1.50. We also have a new supply of CBI emblems with pin and catch on back; these are now \$1.50 each. The old standby lapel button with screw fastener is being discontinued. Let your friends know you're a CBIer!

● **Carnivals** have stopped coming to Calcutta, according to The Statesman. Here's the reason: "Fun fairs are no longer profitable. So they say. Calcuttans who normally ride in conveyances that whizz past or crash bang into each other are not willing to pay for a ride in Dodgem cars. People accustomed to the deeper pot-holes of the regular roads find switch-back rides too monotonous. Commuters who have often been stalled in traffic jams know all the frustrations of a giant wheel. Those who try to get a license or a ration card or some such document are too accustomed to a merry-go-round to think it fun. And who wants to shy balls at tin cans and skittles when the police and railways provide a year-round Aunt Sally? So, no carnivals."

● **Don't forget** to make reservations now for the Tulsa reunion. See article in this issue.

● **Be sure** to notify us if you change your address!

JUNE, 1970



Still With It!

● Still enjoy reading every issue of the magazine and know that many others think as I do, that Ex-CBI Roundup is with it!

ROCCO PERNETTI,
Postmaster,
Los Banos, Calif.

Louis W. Gwin

● The immediate past national commander of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, Louis W. Gwin of Percy, Ill., died April 20, 1970, at the Memorial Hospital in Chester, Ill., after a long illness. He was 65 years of age. During World War II he served in CBI with the 709th Engineers PD Co. He had been active in Illinois politics, serving two terms as Randolph County Commissioner and was a member of the Randolph County Housing Authority. For many years he had been engaged in the oil well drilling business, and at the time of his death was a partner in this and also in a hardware firm. His wife, Margaret, died January 16, 1969, and his only son, William C., was killed in an auto accident June 6, 1969. Survivors include a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Letha Gwin of Percy, and five grandchildren.

(From an article in the Steeleville, Ill., Ledger.)



Louis W. Gwin



TWO U.S. SENATORS who served in CBI during World War II are shown with Anna Chennault, before a portrait of the late Lt. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, whose Flying Tigers of the 14th Air Force made CBI history. They are Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska, center, and Senator Jack Miller of Iowa, right. The occasion was a recent Washington dinner held by Mrs. Chennault for Senator Stevens.

Jinx With Pat

● Friend Lou Solomon has drawn your attention to Andre Kostelanetz in the February issue of Roundup, so I'll get into the act along with Lou. Page 3, issue of December 1969. Who was with Pat O'Brien at Bengal when he toured there? Answer: Jinx Falkenburg. Another one that I think everyone would know about is the fact that Tony Martin was at Hastings Mill, during WWII in CBI.

GEORGE G. PELLINGER,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Served at Misamari

● Spent almost two years with the 1328th AAFBU at Misamari in Assam province.

ARTHUR L. HILDRETH,
New Market, Va.

Michigan Meeting

● Annual Michigan Ex-CBI Roundup Reunion was held April 17, 1970, at the Hi Life Inn in Saginaw with approximately 90 Michigan CBI veterans in attendance. Following the dinner, each man was in-

troduced by Tom Baffory, master of ceremonies. Among the CBI areas represented were Dinjan, Jorhat, Tezpur, Kunming, Myitkyina, Chabua, Moran, Calcutta, Bombay, etc. Many prizes were given away, including numerous subscriptions to Ex-CBI Roundup.

WAYNE M. FELZKE,
Pottsville, Mich.



PRODUCE market at Kweilin, China, with vegetables of various kinds displayed in open baskets. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.

Hump Pilots Reunion

● The 25th annual reunion of the China-Burma-India Hump Pilots Association will be held August 28, 29 and 30, 1970, at the Ramada Inn in Monroe, La. For information contact Herb Fisher, Port of New York Authority, 111 Eighth Avenue (Room 1409), New York, N.Y. 10011. Phone (212) 620-8396.

HERB FISHER,
New York, N.Y.

2nd Troop Carrier

● A reunion of the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron will be held at Tulsa, Okla., Aug. 5, 6, 7, and 8, 1970. For further information write me at 3520 S. Logan Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53207.

RUSSELL C. KOPPLIN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Marauders to Meet

● The 24th annual reunion of Merrill's Marauders will be held at Sheraton Hotel, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Sept. 4 to 6, 1970. An attractive package deal has been arranged, and all are welcome. For details write or phone Tom Martini, Historian, Merrill's Marauders Association, 520 Long Beach Road, Island Park, N.Y. 11558; phone 516-431-1807.

TOM MARTINI,
Island Park, N.Y.



HORSE-DRAWN taxi on the streets of Calcutta in 1944. Photo by Robert H. Abney.

Mars Task Force

● Having served in the Mars Task Force, I am interested in finding out if there are any books out on this outfit. If anyone has any information on this, I would appreciate hearing from them.

MARVIN BOYENGA,
610 S. Tenn. Pl.,
Mason City, Iowa

William H. Etsch

● William H. Etsch, 50, a retired office machine mechanic and former employee of the United Jewish Appeal, died April 12, 1970. A resident of Glen Cove, Long Island, he was a veteran of 26 months service in CBI with the Army Air Force.

(From a Newsday clipping submitted by Walter Pytlowany, Hicksville, L.I. N.Y.)

Was at Kunming

● Last stationed at Kunming, China, in December, 1945. Enjoy Roundup very much.

HOWARD C. WENDELL,
Glens Falls, N.Y.

341st Bomb Group

● A longtime friend who lives here in Sioux Falls,

JUNE, 1970

John Chapman, recently mailed me a copy of Ex-CBI Roundup—it brought back so many memories that I am sending you a check for a two-year subscription. I was a B-25 pilot, 22nd Bomb Squadron, 341st Bomb Group, based at Chakulia, India, for eight months and Yangkai, China four months.

WENDELL H. HANSON,
Sioux Falls, S.D.



WHILE four GI's pose for photographer in foreground, four water buffalo (and two Indian friends) do likewise in background. Photo by Ivo R. Greenwell.

Geology Post

● J. H. Casey has joined the Wyoming Department of Economic Planning and Development water division as water development geologist. He had previously served three years with the Corps of Engineers, 20 years in various positions for a major oil company, and seven years as a consulting geologist in the Rocky Mountains and Southern California. Casey served in the U.S. Air Force from 1941 to 1946 with service in the North American and China-Burma-India Theaters.

(From an item in Wyoming Progress Reports, submitted by James W. Bowman, Littleton, Colo.)

Decals on Cars

● How about a crusade in Roundup advocating the showing of CBI decals on members' autos?

HARRY M. MANSER,
Colonel (Ret.),
Trenton, N.J.

301st Service Group

● Spent 31 months in India and Burma with the 301st Air Service Group. Spent time at Tezpur, Misamari, Warazup and Bhamo.

DARRELL R. FREDERICK,
Knox, Pa.

Tulsa Ready for CBlers!

"The red carpet will be waiting for you at the Fairmont Mayo Hotel and southwestern hospitality will reign supreme."

With this statement, Brig. Gen. Leslie W. Lane, commander of the Tulsa Basha, is inviting all CBers and their families to attend the 1970 CBI Reunion. It will be held in Tulsa, Okla., from August 5 to 8.

"Don't miss the opening kickoff at the hotel on the evening of August 5," General Lane continues. "It will be a terrific blast."

Bill Dorman of Tulsa is the convention chairman, and has had a full committee at work for some time. A tentative schedule of events was approved at the recent Tulsa meeting of the CBIVA national executive board.

Registration fees for the reunion will be \$28 each for adults and teenagers, and \$16 each for pre-teens.

Special CBI rates at the Fairmont Mayo, which is located at 5th and Cheyenne Streets in Tulsa, have also been announced. They are \$9, \$11, \$13 and \$16 for singles; \$13 and \$15 for doubles; and \$15 and \$19 for twins. These special rates do not include free parking, but there are parking lots available near the hotel.

Following is the schedule of events as announced for the 23rd annual reunion:

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5

- 12 noon Registration, Mayo Lobby.
- 2:00 p.m. Slides, Roundup Room
- 2:00 p.m. Golf Tournament.
- 8:00 p.m. Teenagers—Juke Box (YWCA)
- 8:00 p.m.-
- 10:00 p.m. Pre-teen babysitting in Sample Room
- 8:30 p.m. Tulsa Basha Hospitality, Pompeian Court.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6

- 9:00 a.m. Registration, Mayo Lobby.
- 9:30 a.m. Regular Business Session, Crystal Ballroom.
- 11:30 a.m. Fashion Show and Luncheon, Pompeian Court.
- 3:00 p.m. Start loading buses at Cheyenne entrance to Mayo for trip to Gilcrease.

- 6:00 p.m. Supper at Gilcrease.
- 7:00 p.m. Memorial Service at Gilcrease.
- 7:30 p.m. Start loading buses for return to Mayo.
- 8:00 p.m.-
- 10:00 p.m. Pre-teen Babysitting.
- 8:30 p.m.-
- midnight Teenage Activity, Ivory Room (YWCA).
- 9:30 p.m. Hospitality in Pompeian Court (Milwaukee and San Francisco).

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7

- 8:00 a.m. Mahoning Valley Basha Breakfast, Pompeian Court.
- 9:00 a.m. Registration, Mayo Lobby.
- 9:30 a.m. Business meeting, Crystal Ballroom.
- 6:00 p.m. Puja Parade.
- 7:30 p.m. Youth Dinner—Emerald Room.
- 7:30 p.m. Smorgasbord for Adults, Crystal Ballroom.
- 8:00 p.m.-
- 10:00 p.m. Pre-teen Babysitting.
- 8:30 p.m. Teen Hop, Ivory Room.
- 9:00 p.m. Puja Ball, Crystal Ballroom
- 11:00 p.m. Hospitality, Pompeian Court (Delaware Valley and Ohio State).

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8

- 8:00 a.m. Tulsa Basha Breakfast, Pompeian Court.
- 9:00 a.m. Registration, Mayo Lobby.
- 9:00 a.m. Business Meeting, Crystal Ballroom.
- 12 noon Past Commander's Luncheon, Pompeian Court.
- 12 noon Youth Luncheon, Emerald Room.
- 3:00 p.m. Slides, Founders Room.
- 6:30 p.m. Commander's Banquet, Crystal Ballroom.
- 6:30 p.m. Youth Group Banquet, Emerald Room.
- 8:00 p.m.-
- 10:00 p.m. Pre-teen Babysitting.
- 8:30 p.m. Teen Hop, Ivory Room.
- 9:00 p.m. Commander's Ball, Crystal Ballroom.
- 11:00 p.m. Hospitality, Pompeian Court (St. Louis.)

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Tulsa is well known as the "convention center of the southwest," as well as the Oil Capital of the World. Surrounded by eight huge fresh water lakes, with a mild climate and favorable topography, it offers scenic beauty and refreshing outdoor recreation to visitors and residents alike. Good food and drink are available at many places, entertainment is lively, and there are plenty of interesting tours available for sightseers.

Tulsa residents are not surprised to find out that conventions have become their city's fifth largest industry. As they put it, "Tulsa has everything—central location, mild climate, good hotels, restaurants, entertainment, transportation, recreation, meeting facilities and hospitality with a capital 'H'."

The wise CBier will make reservations now to meet his friends in Tulsa.

TELL THE WORLD YOU'RE A CBI VETERAN!

Put Decals on Your Car . . . Wear a Pin or Tie Tack



Because most suit coats no longer have a buttonhole in the lapel, we've decided to discontinue the lapel button with screw fastener which we have sold for many years. By popular request, we have changed to a "tie tack" which can be worn as a lapel button . . . the attachment is with a sharp prong and a clutch fastener. Oh yes! We almost forgot to mention that the price of pins and tie tacks is now \$1.50, up a quarter from the old price!

CBI Decals	10c each, 3 for 25c
CBI Pins, with pin and catch, each	\$1.50
CBI Tie Tacks, clutch fastener, each	\$1.50

Colorful decals are 2½ inches wide, 3 inches high. Emblems are ¾-inch wide, ½-inch high. Tie tacks, brand new, can be worn through the necktie or through a lapel.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. BOX 125

LAURENS, IOWA 50554

The Blue Earth Shop

By WILLIAM R. ZIEGLER

Colonel (Ret.)

Engineer Supply Officer, BDG No. 2

The highlight of my return trip to India in 1964 was the half-day I spent at Jadavpur University in Bengal.

When I was in India in 1943, 1944 and 1945, this school was known as the College of Engineering and Technology of Bengal. It was a small engineering school in Calcutta as the name implies.

I became acquainted with Dr. Triguna Sen, the Special Administrative Officer of this school. Dr. Sen, besides being a scholar, DR ING-Munich; MME, AMIE-India; Fellow of Calcutta University, was a gentlemen, who was not only pleasant to talk to, but most cooperative.

By 1943, we had an Engineer Base Equipment Company, the 691st, headed by Capt. Thomas Galvin. We had a small machine shop located at Blue Earth near Hyde Road in Calcutta. Standard order of procedure said we could do third echelon repairs.

Major C. J. Sellens of the Transportation Corps in Calcutta approached me saying his section was supposed to set up a shop to repair locomotives and railway rolling stock, but higher authorities said "No" (Confused Beyond Imagination.) The major said he had all the necessary machinery and buildings on hand to proceed, so he offered it to us engineers, as he very sensibly said, he saw no reason for all this useful machinery doing nothing.

I in turn discussed this matter with higher authority in Delhi, who told me



RETIRED faculty members of the former College of Engineering and Technology of Bengal turn out for lunch with Col. William R. Ziegler during his 1964 visit to the campus. Dr. Triguna Sen is at Ziegler's left. Picture was taken in front of the Blue Earth Shop, in the industrial section of the university.

to take it. Therefore, we engineers in Calcutta accepted all of this machinery and a huge building.

We first erected the overhead crane, a 10-ton Whiting, and used this to help erect the building and place all of the machinery. The building, as I recall, was about 75 to 80 ft. wide and about 150 feet long.

We had ample machinery, such as an American Pacemaker Lathe which had a 24 inch swing and a 20 foot bed. We had radial drills, a metalizer, a crankshaft grinder, drill presses, bench lathes, planers, shapers, grinders, etc. In other words, a complete heavy machine shop. Oh yes, by moonlight requisition, we confiscated some bar and rod landing mat from the British and made a tool crib out of it.

Now we found ourselves in one hell of a fix. Here is an Engineer Base Equipment Company only supposed to do maintenance work and we were now equipped to do fifth echelon repairs.

Typical of GI Joes, we successfully operated a fifth echelon shop and went even further. There was an epidemic of breaking and twisting crane booms, so we set up a welding and boom shop across the lot from our machine shop with Sergeant Thornton of Warren, Ohio, in charge.

This Blue Earth operation became

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



VISITING CBier, William R. Ziegler, walks past the shop in the industrial section of campus during his 1964 return.

fabulous and in short order we were snowed under with work.

We needed more manpower, so I discussed this with Dr. Sen, who agreed to let his students in Mechanical Engineering and Machine Practice work in our shop as helpers and get credit for machine shop practice.

I do not remember how many students worked at Blue Earth, but it was quite a number and their help was invaluable. We experienced no labor shortage as we paid them two rupees a day and as you all remember, that was a lot of rupees, especially to a student.

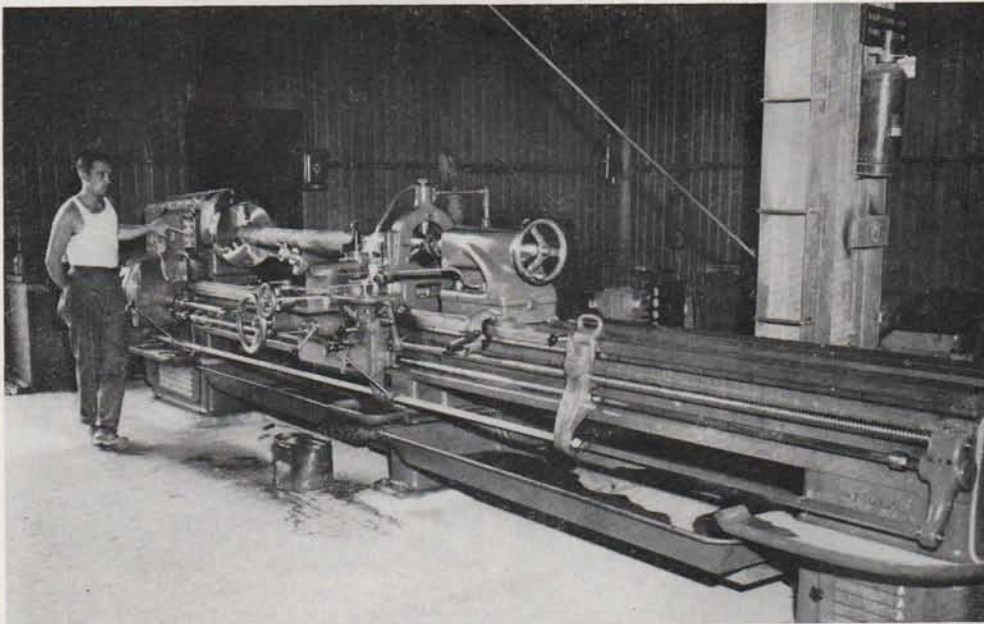
VJ came and we started inventorying equipment.

Dr. Sen approached me about getting the Blue Earth shop for the College of Engineering and Technology. I thought it was a wonderful idea as I had been through the college machine shop and observed what they had.

They had had to make practically all of their own machinery. For example, X class would make a lathe and they made it from scratch. They cast the legs, the frame, etc. They machined the necessary parts and in the course of one semester would finish a lathe, which was put in the machine shop. This same practice applied to all of their machinery with the net result that all of their machine shop was equipped with home-



CRANE taken apart to be airlifted to Myitkyina from Calcutta. This huge piece of equipment was in operation at Myitkyina five days after American troops took the airstrip from the Japanese.



LARGE LATHE, operated here by T/5 Dallas Snyder of Omaha, Neb., was the pride of the 5th echelon shop in Calcutta. The American Pacemaker, it was the only one of its kind in India. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo by T/4 James W. Guillot.

The Blue Earth Shop

made machines of the same British vintage of about 1900 or thereabouts.

Here, I saw an opportunity of bringing the most modern American machinery to this outmoded machine shop at the College, so I went to work.

In the interim Dr. Sen invited me out to the school one Sunday afternoon for tea and to hear and meet Pandit Nehru. I can still remember the Pandit's remarks when he told the students that India had enough politicians and lawyers, what India needed was engineers. He encouraged the students to further their education in engineering.

I left India on January 15, 1946, and I had done all I could to help Dr. Sen get the Blue Earth shop. I later heard from Dr. Sen that he was successful in getting it.

Twenty years later on October 10, 1964, I again visited with Dr. Sen. He had arranged a lovely luncheon in my honor to which were invited faculty members whom I had known and worked



BOOM making was one of the specialties of the 5th echelon shop. T/Sgt. George P. Thornton of Warren, Ohio, T/4 William O. Black of Salt Lake City, Utah, and T/5 Wendell Hensley of Ibernica, Mo., are shown at work on a new one. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo by T/4 James W. Guillot.



TWO PHOTOS, by a Royal Air Force photographer, of 150-ton rock crusher that could not be transported up the Ledo Road. With two Americans to show them how to operate it, the British set it up near Trincomalee in Ceylon.



LIFTING motor from grading machine at 5th echelon shop are T/Sgt. Thomas S. Brooks of Green Cove, Fla., T/5 George Wheeler of Madison, Fla., and M/Sgt. Roger E. Stachwell of Dry Ridge, Ky. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo by James W. Guillot.



CHECKING dimensions of the secondary crusher unit of a 25-yard rock crushing plant at the Engineer Heavy Equipment Yard, Calcutta, are Lt. M. A. Mitchell, Jr., of Fort Worth, Tex., and T/5 Thurmdir S. Findley of Clarksburg, W. Va. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo by T/4 Harry A. Wilson.

with, but who had retired in the intervening years. It was most enlightening.

There is no more College of Engineering and Technology. It is now Jadavpur University, a big sprawling school with many new buildings. The University has splendid faculty with many doctors of engineering and masters, educated at such schools as Wisconsin, Harvard, Berlin, Michigan, Munich, Edinburgh, Illinois, Cambridge, Cal Tech, M. I. T. and many others. The university's enrollment is now over 10,000 and it is doing a "bang up job."

My tour of that campus made my return trip to India a huge success. There I saw my old Blue Earth shop standing right in the middle of the industrial section of the campus. Then, going into the building, I was again amazed. Everything was in exactly the same location as we had had it on Hyde Road.

The bar and rod tool crib stood right in the center of the building. The big American lathe exactly where we had had it, together with the boring mill, the metalizer, the crankshaft grinder, even our fuel injection shop exactly as it was 20 years ago and in the same place in the building.

Needless to say, my mind and memor-

ies went back 20 years and I could still see Captain Galvin, Lieutenant Nabors and Sergeant Brooks, walking around, and were they to see it, they could walk around blindfolded and not stumble into anything out of place.

It was a grand and satisfying feeling to see this shop and to see it used for the purpose it was intended to be used. It has proven profitable for the school, as they take in outside work for the big lathe, the metalizer and the crankshaft grinder.

Since 1964 when I last saw Dr. Sen, I read in an international magazine (The Rotarian) that Dr. Triguna Sen had been appointed Minister of Education for India, and he is on the staff of the Prime Minister as a cabinet member. All I can say is that I know the Prime Minister has one "surnuff" good hand.

When I left India in January 1946, I received one of the nicest and most sincere gifts I have ever received. The school faculty had me as an honored guest at tea and presented me with a 1944 yearbook of the College of Engineering and Technology. It is inscribed, "In appreciation of your labours" and is signed by Dr. Sen and every faculty member had autographed his picture in this yearbook. □



ADMINISTRATION building of what is now Jadavpur University in Bengal.



DORMITORIES of Jadavpur University, Calcutta, a small engineering school that grew up.

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Sun Publishing Co.
Laurens, Iowa

Exodus From Tsuyung

A 1951 letter from a former missionary to China, describing her experiences under the rule of the Chinese Reds, is the basis for this story. The introduction is written by Walter A. Keppler of Mar-mora, N.J., who was one of the original 10 engineer officers to land at Kunming, China, on May 24, 1943, to form G-4 Engineer Section of Y-Force under General Frank "Pinky" Dorn, which subsequently became the Burma Road Engineers. The introduction explains the background for the letter which follows.

INTRODUCTION

by WALTER A. KEPPLER

Many GI "China Hands" learned to know and respect Miss Cornelia Morgan, an American missionary known as "The Angel of the Burma Road."

Cornelia Ada Morgan was born Nov. 24, 1884, in Alma, Arkansas. As a young girl she was brought up in the home of her grandfather, U.S. Senator Morgan of Alabama. Her residence in Washington, D.C., was next to that of the Chinese ambassador, Li Hung Chung. Cornelia became interested in the descriptions of his homeland in Yunnan Province, and this led her to dedicate herself to be a missionary to China. She fulfilled this desire, arriving on the east coast of China in 1907, and spending her first few months at the China Inland Mission School for Languages.

To reach her destination of Yali in Yunnan Province, 1,150 air miles westward, she traveled a surface route of about 2,000 miles via river boat (junk), mule or burro and sedan chair. She worked in this area until 1911, when the missionaries were driven out, and then retired eastward to Kutsing. She returned to the States on furlough in 1912 . . . but was back in China in 1913 and established herself at Tsuyung.

I first met Miss Morgan on July 1, 1943, a few days after Lt. Harold Stevens and I arrived at Tsuyung in quarters of a hostel in the center of the walled town. We of the Burma Road Engineers were the first Americans assigned to live there, with the exception of a small group of the Flying Tigers who had spent a few months there in the previous dry season.

From July 1943 until the latter part of 1945, many GIs making convoy stops at Tsuyung found a true U.S. haven at Miss Morgan's compound, which car-

ried their thoughts to their own homes in Uncle Sugar. I had my last visit with Miss Morgan on July 22, 1945, when our Burma Road Engineers unit made an overnight stop at Tsuyung Air Field, conveying from Myitkyina, Burma, to Kunming to Kan Po Schaio.

It was in June 1951 that I first learned of her presence in Springfield, Mo., when I received the letter which follows, with an account of her "Exodus" from Tsuyung. In the next few years we exchanged several letters, and during that time she moved to Chicago to be near the Moody Bible Institute. On a 1953 trip my wife and I attempted to visit her, but to our sorrow found she had moved to another part of the city and we were unable to locate her. Later we again established a yearly exchange of letters. In March 1957 we learned of her death on March 14 of that year, at the age of 73. Funeral services were held in the Torrey Chapel of Moody Memorial Church, Chicago, and she was taken



CORNELIA MORGAN (left) is shown with Jean Pftang, her converted aide, in doorway between outer yard and the courtyard of her compound.

to Springfield, Mo., for burial beside her mother.

Miss Morgan had a foster son, Michael M. Kan, whom she adopted as an infant, having found him abandoned in a ditch. As a teenager, Michael worked for me as an interpreter for several weeks along the Burma Road, and later worked in the Q.M. supply setup in Kunming.

Imagine our surprise on attending the CBI Reunion in 1957 at Detroit, as we relaxed with other CBers on the featured moonlight excursion down the Detroit River, to see Michael there in an Air Force uniform. He served a four-year tour of duty and received his American citizenship in 1958.

Michael had studied for three years at a Methodist school in California and at the Moody Bible Institute, and after his discharge from the Air Force he was ordained into the ministry. He now resides with his family at Buena Park, Calif. He has written a book about his foster mother's experiences. . . . "One Heart Full of China" was published by Carlton Press of New York in 1968.

I believe Ex-CBI Roundup readers will be interested in Miss Morgan's 1951 letter. I call it her "Exodus" because it describes her departure from Tsuyung on Nov. 18, 1950, after the Reds had taken over and controlled the town from Dec. 2, 1949.

This is her story:

* * *

Dear Friends:

I'll begin at the beginning, at least at the amusing part of the story when I left Tsuyung on the 18th of November expecting to go back. I had been living in closer contact with the communists than most foreigners who write about it, in fact I lived too close to get the perspective. They came in like a flood at midnight, Dec. 24th, 1949. I heard them singing "Tuan chi, twan chi jiu shie le liang (in union is strength), to the good old tune of "Glory, Hallelujah," and I called out to the girl who was helping me—"we are being liberated," but she kept on snoring, so I turned over and went to sleep in self defense.

It was some time after they "took over" before they actually took over our place. Troops were passing through on their way to liberate Tibet, and some camped in the kindergarten and grounds over night, but it was not on the line of march, the main street houses being more convenient. One morning I saw a soldier (as I saw hundreds every day) sitting by the roadside just plain beat, his gun dropping off one shoulder, and his eyes fast closing. I made some compassionate remark about his being tired,

and he came to attention at once, grabbed his rifle and said in a loud voice, "Communists don't get tired!" and I said back quick as thought "almost thou persuades me to be a communist."

Then began the nerve wrecking business of trying to keep out the most undesirable, for there is something to choose between even among communists. The place was wanted for police headquarters, this I withstood valiantly, as I couldn't bear to think of those side rooms being filled with political prisoners! Then the propaganda bureau wanted it and I didn't want to be identified with that if there was a way to avoid it. Finally, when a medical unit came, I took them in, thinking them to be the most inoffensive. At first they wanted only the kindergarten and the little house inside the round door in the outer court yard, but soon like the camel who put his head in first, there had to be room for the whole body and the tail, and then it wasn't big enough; 160 members of the unit must have living quarters, and there must be room for a dispensary and a place for wounded soldiers. They put doors through to the temple adjacent and took over all the side rooms and the kitchen. Then they asked me to move. I said, "What would people think if you put an old lady like me on the street? Where would I go? etc., I'd built the upstairs and meant to stay in it," So I moved all I could up there, gave away the kindergarten things, and dug in for a sit-down strike.

Strange to say, they let me alone and I lived among them more or less peacefully for nearly a year. How account for it? I was the only foreigner in town, and so well known that I was not under suspicion and the men in charge of the medical unit were all Yunnanese, mostly from up Sciengyin way (near Yunnan); ex-bandits, whom I'd known since they were knee high to a duck! When the northerners came in later, they knew more and were horrid, but every time my unit was asked to vacate in their favor both they and I put up so many arguments to stay put, that they finally left us alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Yen, Sr. (the evangelists), and David's wife and baby, had gone to Kunming to avoid the storm of trouble, and it was just as well, for the chapel and house behind were soon occupied by the redistribution of land bureau. The Chichang lived in the house, and the chapel was used for an assembly hall in which to try landlords. There people knelt, day after day at the foot of the cross, bound hand and foot and from there many were led to execution! We were allowed the use of the hall for two hours every Sunday morning

(I guess they have tightened up on that now), but the congregation was conspicuous by its absence, for everyone was terrified by the atmosphere of the place, the soldiers on guard and the pictures of Mao-tse Tung and Stalin nailed to the cross and communist flag flying from the top of it; those who braved the situation and came, always wanted to sing "Weeping Will Not Save Me," but they wept nevertheless! I tried to get some of the Christians to take down the cross one night and burn it, rather than see it desecrated, but they were afraid.

Meanwhile I was busy holding my own with those quartered in "my place." Neither they, nor I, could help my hearing all that was said; I could a tale unfold if I was a mind to (which I'm not), their propaganda is fearfully and wonderfully made, and to the uninitiated, wonderfully attractive and convincing. They wanted to indoctrinate me, lend me papers, etc., but I said "me, I'm too old to change my mind, and moreover I don't want to, and when I read the news, I want to hear both sides, but if I believed what you profess to believe, I'd know more about it," and I taught them all I knew of Marx and communism, which wasn't much, but was a lot more than they knew. My copy of "Red Star Over China" was in demand again; it had had to take a back seat on a back shelf, when the Nationalists were around, but now it came into its own, was in its element.

Often at night when I lay awake listening to the dancing and singing going on in the court yard, I would think, "Wouldn't Edgar Snow give a lot to change places with me!" There is no correspondent inside the Red lines now, not in really Red China, and all of China proper is red. I was amused the other day to read an article in the paper about "Psychological Warfare" in China in which it said that "the American viewpoint carefully developed after much planning at the Dept. of State, has just been broadcast through the Voice of America, to the Chinese people." Well, I wonder how many of the Chinese people in China (and that means Red China) will hear it? If they do, it will beat the risk of their lives. It is absolutely forbidden and anyone caught with a radio is jailed as a spy. Almost all the radios have been confiscated and to have had one is to be under suspicion.

After July not a single foreigner passed through going West. The Burma route was closed, as there was trouble across the border in Burma. Only a few trucks went to Kunming. They had all been turned into charcoal burners because there is no gas. Things went from bad to worse—processions, executions, peo-

ple's courts in which the sentence of death was passed after a show of hands that propaganda had lifted. The prisons were filled with my friends and I was afraid to lift my eyes when a procession passed for fear I'd see someone I knew bound hand and foot! I could hardly stand it; no news came in, and when I wrote to other missionaries their replies were all Bible verses, or about the weather. No one touched on "the situation," which was ignored by common consent and common sense! and yet was the only thing in men's minds. A wire came from Michael, "Join Harrison's Home," they were C.I.M. folks working in Pao Shan, 15 horse stages West. How to contact them? There came another cable, this time from my friend in New York. It said "make your way to Rangoon or Bangkok, have paid your way over B.O.A.C." She might as well have said "make your way to the moon!" These wires reached me all right, but I was not allowed to reply. Finally, feeling like a frog in a well, I wrote in desperation to the British consul in Kunming

"Information, please? During the first world war the French consul sent me all the communiques and during the second, the American consul kept me informed; now they're gone, it's up to you. Being an English gentleman as well as a consul, he wrote me a long letter and told me about the war in Korea. I had not heard of it! Finally I got the toothache, than which revolutions are easier to bear! And I decided to go to Kunming to get relief, hear what was going on and have a much needed change of scene and air. I asked for a pass, and was told I could go anywhere any day I got ready. (Give the devil his due, my communists did treat me well in spite of people who say I dreamed it.) Still I was weary, and refused to go without a proper pass, as I feared authorities in Kunming where I was unknown might not be so lenient.

At last they gave me a pass which stated that I was going to Kunming for dentistry and a rest, and would be back within two months and that the Touying Government had promised to protect me. Thus armed I looked for a truck and leaving my servant girl (now called comrade) and my Bonnie Boone (dog) upstairs with all my worldly possessions, I started out never dreaming I was saying good bye to all I'd known for so long.

It was the 18th day of November and the truck took three days to arrive at Kunming, which it did at midnight, and I went to find Mr. Y., the old T. Evangelist, as the chapel he was serving was in town and his wife, and David's wife

and the baby, were living in a place in the country.

Contrary to my expectations he was not glad to see me, said I could stay till morning and then must go to the C.I.M. and register with the police, who were very particular about foreigners coming into the city and they were not allowed to stay with the Chinese. This was news for I was expecting to visit my many Chinese friends, as I had always done. When I got to the C.I.M., I saw I was not welcome either, as their local secretary was made responsible for every person staying on the place, and everybody fought shy of me because of my reputation for saying what I thought and in Kunming, you were not supposed to call a spade a spade.

There was no help for it, persona non grata or not, I had to stay, so I settled down, or tried to. One night at about 11 o'clock I was fast asleep when Mr. B. knocked on the door and said "Miss Morgan, get up quick, the police want you." I turned over and said sleepily, "tell them to wait until morning." Then he did get excited, and cried, "If I do we'll all be in the clink by morning," so I rose to the occasion and went down. Of course we had to go to police headquarters (it would be beneath their dignity to call on you).

All the way Mr. B. walked behind by rickshaw, shivering and saying, "O, what have you done? It must be your property." I argued, "It can't be my property, because I have none, "and when he insisted, "well, think, it must be something," all I could answer was that my conscience was clear, and that even I couldn't plot 'agin' the government in my sleep! When we finally arrived, with Mr. B. on my heels whispering, "O, do be careful what you say," the man at the desk waved us away with "it was a mistake," and before Mr. B. pulled me away I had time to get a word in edgeways, "the next time you make a mistake, do it in the daytime. I was asleep."

They say communists don't smile, but this one did, as he said, "Well, go back to bed now." While Mr. B. was on the verge of apoplexy in the passage way. Next day we found out the reason for this much ado about nothing. A Frenchman was upset and they sent to the British consul (who now acts for the French and the Americans) to know why his servants were all out, perhaps attending a communist meeting "voluntarily," and he can speak no language known around Kunming, just having come from Sinkiang, and I being the latest foreign arrival in Kunming, he naturally, or unnaturally, picked me. I don't know why it is, but everywhere I go away

from my own stamping grounds I'm taken for a suspicious character.

Well, my teeth being quiescent and having obtained all the information I could (it was worse than pulling an eye tooth or squeezing blood out of a turnip), I was more than ready to go back and sit under what I still consider my vine and fig tree, communists to the contrary, but when I applied to the police for a pass they hummed and hawed, and said "We'll let you know in a few days." When the "few days" had gone by and only echoes answered, I marched myself down to headquarters and demanded whether they were going to let me go back to Tsuyung or not? I hadn't come prepared to live in Kunming, and was cold.

At last they gave me the low down on it, and said straight out, "No we can't let you go." Of course, I was tempted to try and run the gauntlet and go back anyway, but I had respect to the good C.I.M. friends, who had taken me in, and for their sakes, attempted nothing rash. They were trying to get out all the missionaries in the East to make room for those in the West, when they should get their passes. I stalled along, making one excuse after another, as I hoped against hope to get back. Mr. B. said he believed it would take "a seeing eye dog" to get me out. I said, "Mr. B., it will take more than a seeing eye dog, it will take a local secretary to count this filthy lucre." I was only joking, but he was in dead earnest, and when a former local secretary and his wife came along, he said, "Miss Morgan, you've no more excuses," so I began the long procedure of getting an "exit permit."

First, we had to write out our history, I made mine short and sweet, for I'd already been interviewed by the police, times without number, and I figured what they didn't know about me wouldn't hurt them, and would save both them and me trouble. Mr. B. said it wasn't half long enough, but since it had to be put into Chinese as well as English, it seemed long enough to me, and the police seemed to think so too, for they sent for me almost at once (when some had waited for months) and said, "Since you want to leave the country you can now put your name in the paper (the required procedure, second step in getting a pass). You must advertise your intention to leave for a week, and pay \$10 for the privilege. The idea being that your creditors will have time to collect, and your accusers to bring accusations. I said, "You know perfectly well I don't want to leave. I've told you over and over again, I'm just stupid and can't think of a way to stay. The money is

frozen, my house is taken over, I am not allowed to fraternize with the Chinese; please help me find a way to stay and I won't go a step."

The man behind the desk looked at me and said, "You are old, you are lame, you better go." "Alright," I told him, "but after awhile I hope to come back and be allowed to spend the rest of my life in the land of my adoption among the people I love most." I bowed, the communists don't bow, are trying to do away with "all the fake politeness stuff," and left, and that is why I am inside U.S.A., where I never expected to be again, and outside China, which has been my home for 40 odd years!

Four of us left Kunming February 23rd, and flew to Chungking (we were not allowed to go by truck, which would have been much cheaper and enabled us to carry baggage). There are only two planes a month owing to shortage of gas, and it cost something like \$150 U.S. to go that far! In Chungking we joined others going down the river and had to exchange boats at Ichang, where we waited five days for another boat. We were virtually prisoners in the inn where we stayed, not being allowed to go on the street or to see anyone from the town. There was only one missionary left there, a Scotch doctor, not allowed an exit visa for some reason. He was a good scout, and would smuggle in books for us to read, and do any shopping we required. When a boat finally came that we could squeeze onto, it was already loaded with communist troops, and we were wedged in between them like sardines. Least said, soonest mended, use your imagination!

There was a tow full of women (rather girl) soldiers. We used to spend hours watching them dancing and singing on top of their barge. We never heard the tune that belongs to Battle Hymn of the Republic again; they had learned it was an American tune! They sing Russian ones, or native airs now, and some of them are very catching. The girls are very graceful in spite of their clumsy wadded garments caked with dirt.

One day one of them came up to me and said "Don't you know me? We are from the same town." I said no, I don't, you have grown up. What family did you belong to? Then she named one of the leading ones in our place in "the days that have gone by" and told me that she was the only one left! I did not catch the name and when I asked her over again, she struck an attitude and proclaimed in a voice loud enough for the whole boat load to hear "Chiang Kai-shek." Well, his shoulders must be broad to bear all the accusations hurled

against him, but there has to be a scape-goat, and the Chinese (like many other humans) have to have somebody to lay the blame on. There were processions down by the river in every town we passed through. The parades rival anything I have ever seen, the China we used to know has gone, the propaganda has reached even the remotest villages, and outwardly, at least, old customs are kept in the background, when not stamped out. The house is divided against itself, and against its friends of yesterday. You hear no more "ting haos" and to be an American in those parts is just to be out of luck, and most foreigners are set down as Americans.

The British are having just as hard a time, and I don't see why, as having recognized the powers that be, they should have better treatment. When you asked for the British consul in any place, the answer was, "There is none." Then, after a minute, "O, yes, you mean Mr. So and So?"

After getting to Hankow, where there was no room in the inn, at least a decent one and no time to see old friends, of whom I had a number in the neighboring U. Chang, here Central China University, which refugeeed in Yunnan during the war. We went down the railroad for two days and nights to Canton. I had been suffering agonies with neuritis or some sort of misery in my right leg. I could hobble about with a cane, but to stand still for even a minute was excruciating pain, and this complicated matters considerably, as getting me through the inspection everywhere was a big job. Hats off (we had none) to the long suffering fellow travelers who helped me through. Really I think my leg knew more what was the matter with it than all the doctors who would have disagreed had they been there. It knew it was going in the wrong direction and just balked!

When we finally reached the border, I didn't know it, shut my eyes, sank down on the nearest stool and stuck out my passport to the man at the desk as I'd been doing ad infinitum ever since we started. Then I heard an English voice say "Madam, shall I phone for an ambulance to meet the train?" Then I knew I'd crossed over into British territory as surely as if he'd said "God Save the King." Somebody at last cared whether you lived or died! And so I arrived in Hong Kong after going all "around Robin Hood's barn." I collapsed then, for opportunity is a fine thing. Most of the C.I.M. refugees were living in Kowloon in Quonset huts down by the sea, and having traveled down with some of their missionaries, and having no mission of my own to go to, I'd naturally

have gone with them had only conditions permitted.

As it was, I was taken to the Four Seas Hotel where some of their older workers were staying. I was in bed for three weeks, with the landlord begging me to go to a hospital till the Chinese doctor, also a refugee, assured him I wasn't going to die! So there I lay, listening to the trains shuffling back and forth to Canton and jet planes practicing over head, till I would fall asleep and awake from a recurring nightmare of landing in New York! As soon as I could hold my head up, my C.I.M. friends tried to get my B.O.A.C. passage changed so that I could go by boat with people I knew and reach the West coast where I had many friends.

It was arranged that I go by the Taft, and then without warning it was taken off the run, and I had to fly after all. I hated to leave Hong Kong; it may be a "beautiful problem child," I wouldn't know about that, but it certainly is beautiful, and it is next door to China, and I have many friends there. However, this is no time to be welcomed in such an overcrowded crossroads. One must make room for others "coming out", so on April 17 I got on the magic carpet spread by the B.O.A.C. (or one of them) and started out. It was "flying blind" in a sense, and yet in another it wasn't, for I felt certain that "He who from zone to zone, guides through the air the certain flight of the birds" would guide mine, and He did.

We flew over Bangkok (where the breezes blow hot allright) and Rangoon, over Calcutta and Karachi, Basra, Cairo and Rome, and reached London on the morning (5 A.M.) of the 19th. This flying over continents and oceans is all right if you are in a hurry, but when you've been dreaming of the lands under you for years, and are whisked over places you want to see, and see nothing but the wrong side of the clouds it's a little thick! I'd never have survived had it not been for a fellow traveler, who took me underwing, and a dear little Irish hostess, who made the boast, "the B.O.A.C. takes good care of you," every word true. Fortunately, there was one day in London. I fell in love with what I did see of it at first sight. We looked for a sightseeing bus, but couldn't locate one, so we took a tram and before we'd gone far, there was Westminster Abbey. So we called to the motorman to stop and spent the rest of the day enthralled with the sights and treasures; a year's time spent there wouldn't have satisfied me. We saw the Chapel where Princess Elizabeth was married, the place where the coronations take place, and the stone of scone ought

to be (according to some). The poet's corner, the rose windows, assorted tombs, etc., and we attended a service. Then we saw Big Ben and the houses of Parliament on the way out. Our hotel was just back of Buckingham Palace, so we saw that, too. Again let me say I liked London; rather, loved it.

The plane took me over the Atlantic, but I had no time for reflecting that among my lost possessions was the clipping about Lindberg's first flight and that so short a time afterwards I was flying "deluxe." I was too busy having nightmares at the thought of getting into New York, which I'd never seen (and about which I had the poet's idea when he wrote of the purple cow which he had never seen—"I never want to see one!") I felt I'd rather meet every communist in China, than to go across one of those streets! There are different ways of taking your life in your hands, and I'm used to communists, and there are no more formidable objects in the streets I've walked (not crossed merely) than an occasional water buffalo. Well to complicate matters and make the nightmare come true and confusion worse confounded, I arrived in the metropolis simultaneously and at the same time MacArthur did from the other end of the country, and he had the advantage of me, having an escort!

The taxi had to fight its way through the crowds to the hotel, and I collapsed, feeling more collapsible than things that are made that way, and all desire to see the parade, or do anything was collapsed out of me. I heard it though not being deaf. All the salutes and sirens and whistles and bells going at once, and people yelling like comanches. From the windows one could see the confetti raining down like snow, and the crowds on every roof top. I was in New York a week, but it didn't "grow on me," except to loom larger and more terrifying in my dreams. St. Patrick's and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine were beautiful, of course, but the thought of Westminster Abbey left scant room in my mind for other cathedrals.

Tiffany's windows and others on Fifth Avenue had no charms for me, and the skyscrapers terrified me whenever I forgot and just looked up. Rockefeller Plaza with its lovely flowers and ice skating was just like the Christmas cards, but what riveted my attention was the Chinese Nationalist flag flying among the flags of all nations—I hadn't seen it for two years in Ching. On Sunday, my friend took me to the old Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, where she is a member, and it was good to have been there, save for the distracting parade of hats and gowns and my own

thoughts that kept wandering off to Emmanuel Mission, Hong Kong, where I'd been the Sunday before.

The next Sunday I was in a Chinese mission in Chicago, and feeling more at home, as Michael Kan, my Chinese adopted son, met me there. He had been all the way out to the Pacific coast on a wild goose chase, thinking I was on the Taft! Then Mike and I came on here, arriving early on the morning of the 1st of May. I am staying with my sister, and he has gone back to school, so all's well that ends well. Of course it has not really ended, but I have come to a full stop for a time, I hope.

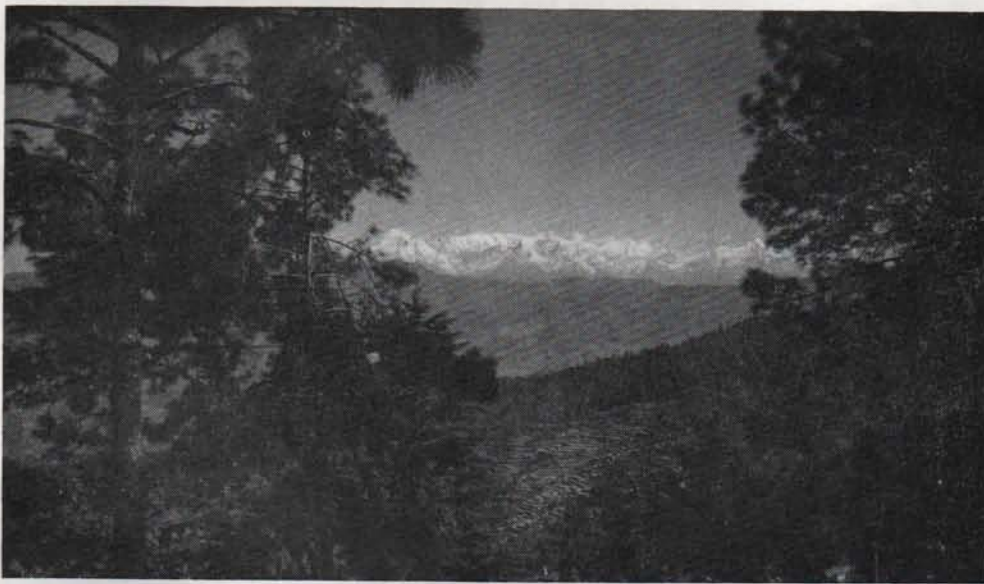
At least one phase of it has ended, and it will take time for one to get adjusted to things in this part of the world, if I ever do. It is a beautiful town of green trees and little houses, and I love it all, but that keeping it so ship shape is so time-consuming for the inhabitants that they don't seem to have much time for "inviting their souls," and that's what green and gardens make me want to do.

To one just arrived from the other side of the world where blood and tears and mud is the order of the day the contrast nearly knocks you down. There seems too much of everything here, and not enough of anything there. No free-

dom, no cars, no roads, no gas, few trees, not enough food, not enough clothes. Here one eats three meals a day and dresses at least the same number of times, and never by any chance can you wear your heart on your sleeve. I feel like fasting and wearing sackcloth and ashes and weeping my spirit from my eyes; that is because my heart is still over there and always will be.

I was reading this morning, "What line does my thought take? Does it turn to what God says or what I fear?" and then the verse in my Daily Light is, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Well—I'm afraid the fears are uppermost, and my mind keeps wandering off to the people who have no way of escape, as a woman said to me as I was coming out, "Yes, you have a way, but we haven't" and to the Chinese students over here who are preparing to go back and "help their country." Only God can do that, but He is able, and our eyes are unto Him and we can say with confidence in spite of our trembling. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

Please pray for me and my friends and I will pray for you and your friends. Intercessory prayer is one of the greatest forces in the world, and about the only force that we can all wield. □



VIEW of snow-covered mountains in the Himalayas from Darjeeling, India, in 1943. Photo by Leslie F. Kipp.

CBI DATELINE

From The Statesman

CATTACK—Three people were run over and killed by a speeding lorry on the National Highway. The victims were sleeping on the roadside when the accident occurred. Near the veterinary science college at Bhubaneswar, eight cattle were killed by a speeding vehicle.

JAMSHEDPUR—The Birhors—people of the jungles—are fast fading out. The quiet and peaceful aboriginal tribe is losing the fight for survival in the jungles of the Chotanagpur plateau. They have lived there away from the influences of urbanization. They sleep in primitive huts, hunt with bows and arrows and when game is scarce they eat roots and tubers. The fumes of their home-made liquor and their primitive beliefs about life and death apparently have very little to do with how they can help themselves to survive. Theirs is a nomadic life, as they go from Ramgarh thana in Hazaribagh district on the north, up to Ranchi and Bundu thana in the east. Every tonda or settlement comprising a few huts has a headman who is also the priest. The belief in magic which also is a religion dominates the very way they live. The sun god ranks highest in the hierarchy of dieties and is followed by the god of family spirits.

SILIGURI—Flowers may appear somewhat out of place in the strictly utilitarian appearance of an Army Medical Corps Medical inspection room in the forward areas in mountainous Sikkim. Yet every morning a bunch of flowers shows up, a token of gratitude from a man, who, like many other people, has been cured of his ailment by an Army medical battalion operating in that area. In addition to its operational duties and training commitments, the Army is regularly running such missions of mercy by offering treatment to numerous ailing and infirm villagers in Sikkim to whom modern medical care is practically unknown. On visiting days the sick and diseased gather, some having trekked up to ten miles over rugged terrain. The most common diseases are malnutrition, diarrhea, anemia, trachoma of the eyes and sprains. A central village in North Bengal is also covered by the program where on an average 100 patients await the arrival of the doctor on visiting day.

HYDERABAD—Three people, including a woman, were crushed to death when a manure-laden lorry met with an accident.

NEW DELHI—The Economic and Scientific Research Foundation predicts a paper famine if steps are not taken through rational pricing of forest products and intensive plantation programs, etc. The genesis of the crisis, the study says, could be traced simply to the exhaustion of the obvious supplies of cheap and easily accessible resources. In its initial overenthusiasm the industry obviously had "skimmed the cream" of the existing resources and it would now have to procure more supplies from less accessible resources.

CALCUTTA—Signs of deep love and respect of simple, rural folk for Gandhiji were in evidence at the Gandhi Darshan exhibition. Wherever one went there was the image of Gandhiji, in one form or another—his letters, documents, photographs and quotations. All this was not easily understood by the "gharara"-clad women or the men in faded dhotis and turbans. They preferred the statues of the Mahatma and there were several of them in the State pavilions and outside. In one, a village woman wrinkled with age tossed a coin in the direction of Gandhiji's statue at a prayer meeting. Her three-paise coin landed near many such which people like her had so reverently offered. The old woman bowed low, murmured a prayer and went on to gaze at some old photographs. As the woman moved away from the statue an official was heard muttering: "These uneducated persons! They do not know that Gandhi was not a god."

CALCUTTA—"The pump filled the petrol to the exact millieitre. The motorist, pleasantly impressed by the efficient service, did not see the point in getting out of the driver's seat. The attendant bustled around, wiped mud marks off the windscreen, blew a leaf off the bonnet, returned the exact change and tightened the petrol cap. Well, not exactly tightened, just screwed back; perhaps not even screwed, just left in place. Other cars were waiting their turn and the motorist drove off, ignoring the faint tinkle he heard. As soon as the car was safely out on the street and the next vehicle was back-and-forthing into position, the attendant picked up a petrol tank cap from the ground and put it with the many others. Really he could not remember which cap belonged to which car and he never taxed his mind too much. The man to whom he gives the lot exchanges a fair enough price to make forgetting more easy."—Indian notebook.

JUNE, 1970

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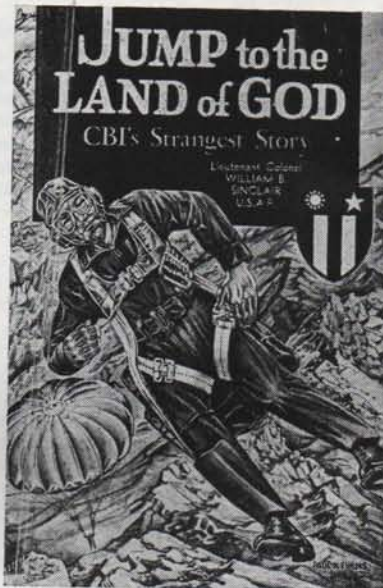
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BOOK REVIEWS



CHINA'S TURBULENT QUEST. By Harold C. Hinton. The Macmillan Co., New York. March 1970. \$7.95.

Written by a noted Sinologist-Kremlinologist at Washington University in St. Louis, this book describes China's external and internal problems. Professor Hinton indicates his belief that in China today are relative moderates who favor some kind of detente with the United States while admitting that "de-Maoization" after Mao's death is unlikely. He favors an end to our active opposition to Peking's admission to the UN, but also makes clear his belief that China must "reciprocate" and "cooperate."

HOPE IN THE EAST: The Mission to Ceylon. By William B. Walsh, M.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York April 1970. \$5.95.

This is another book by the author of "A Ship Called Hope," and this one describes the mission to Ceylon, begun in February 1968, by the floating hospital ship, Hope. The goodwill medical mission, which lasted a year, was by invitation of the Ceylonese government. Doctors, nurses and others involved in the mission, veterans of earlier missions, found themselves unprepared for the hostility of the leftist press and the resentment displayed by Ceylonese doctors. Dr. Walsh shows, however, how patience, diplomacy and professional skills prevailed.

THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE TIGER. By Douglas Hurd and Andrew Osmond. The Macmillan Co., New York. February 1970. \$5.95.

A mystery story of international diplomacy with a touch of espionage, most of which takes place in the 1970s. A mistake made by a British officer, leading native troops against the Chinese in Malaya in 1957, pits him against a Chinese Communist leader nearly 20 years later when China's demand for the occupation of Hong Kong throws England into a crisis.

CHINA AS I SEE IT. By Pearl S. Buck. John Day Company, New York. May 1970. \$6.50.

The author, now in her seventies, has been away from China since 1933 but continues to be the sympathetic interpreter between the East and West. In this book she stresses the Chinese people's reasonableness and expresses her belief

that they will not let themselves be led into aggressive war. The book includes talks and articles written before the war as well as later material.

JAPAN. By Martin Hurliman and Francis King. Viking Press, Inc., New York. May 1970. \$14.95.

A beautifully illustrated book (225 photographs) with descriptions of Japanese life in villages and cities by Francis King, and Dr. Hurliman's more scholarly survey of Japanese history, legends and religions.

A GUIDE TO CHINESE RESTAURANTS IN NEW YORK. By William Clifford. Grosset & Dunlap Original. March 1970. \$1.95.

Since Chinese food is no casual matter in New York, this book lists and evaluates every major Chinese restaurant and many minor ones from Chinatown to uptown, tells how to eat and order in the true Chinese style, and offers observations on the eating habits of New York's Chinese and Caucasian.

THE DAY THE SUN FELL. By Robert L. Duncan. William Morrow & Co., New York. April 1970. \$6.95.

A suspense and adventure novel set in the final days of World War II, in which three Americans disguised as German priests are parachuted in Japan. Their mission is to enlist the aid of the Catholic clergy there in forestalling the holocausts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by persuading the country to surrender first. Half of the excitement comes from following the three as they wander about, barely avoiding detection. The other half comes from reading about what they do after two are captured.

AND NOT TO YIELD. James Ramsey Ullman. Doubleday & Co., New York. March 1970. \$6.95.

A novel about a man's obsession to climb a Himalayan mountain called Dera Zor, from the first stirrings when his father took him climbing in Colorado down to the moment when he sends his own son ahead the last few hundred yards to claim the victory he himself had struggled for more than 20 years. In between are many failures; at one point, stranded in Nepal, Eric Venn simply becomes a Sherpa, settling down with the tough mountain people.

DONOVAN OF OSS. By Corey Ford. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. February 1970. \$8.50.

With a background of world history from before World War I until after World War II, this book is an account of the career and accomplishments of General "Wild Bill" Donovan who organized and administered the Office of Strategic Services. It includes episodes of OSS operations in Europe and the Far East.



Commander's Message

by

Raymond W. Kirkpatrick

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams:

To him, service to his country was a matter of honor and privilege. Membership in the CBIVA was a matter of pride. A soldier, a veteran and a gentleman at all times. He had planned to join Mary and me on our recent trip through the southwest. He answered the final call of the Great Commander in a few hours before that journey started for Mary and myself. He was sadly missed by all along the way. To his family the CBIVA extends its reverent respects. In our hearts and minds we know and can only say that he is not gone, he is just away. Vale, Louis Gwin, Vale.

From the moment Mary and I were met at the Dallas airport by Dallas Basha Commander Sid Rappaport and Alida and bid farewell to Denver Basha Commander Dante Barcella and Lucy eleven days later it was one big time party. In Dallas it was an evening in the exclusive Chapparell Room. The world renowned infamous Bonehead Club paid special tribute to the CBIVA and had a well known Texas member of the CBIVA deliver the oration of the day. That evening a real Texas barbecue was enjoyed by some forty persons at the ranch of Clark Fishel and his gracious wife, Iva.

On a Saturday morning, via caravan, we were delivered to the Shamrock in Houston.

115 CBI folks joined us for the evening following a Texas State Department meeting earlier. Setting was the capacity filled International Room featuring a well known Ex-CBI Hand, Tony Martin. He

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gave twenty minutes of his precious show time to the story of the CBI Theatre itself. Introduced Houston Basha, Texas State and CBIVA National Commanders to the 500 persons in the room. In turn Tony Martin was presented with a most fitting recognition by Texas State Commander R. C. Jones. He was deeply touched. Thank you, Tony Martin, for a most happy hour. Sunday morning brunch at the new home of Tommy and Nonie Lindig. Forty sleepily eyed folks will agree it was the finest possible.

A day in Tchula, Mississippi, as guest of Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Kazar was an experience of a life time. Touring the countryside in his 1946 Packard five passenger roadster was a rare treat. They invite all CBIVA folks to pay them a call when passing their way.

Following the Board Meeting in Tulsa we spent a day with and presented the charter to the new Colorado Basha. Some forty CBI folks gathered for the occasion. It was a grand affair. They are off to a great start with more than 25 members.

Thanks to all you good CBIVA folks for eleven memorable days.

Some fifty persons attended the welcoming party given by the Tulsa Basha Friday evening prior to the board meeting held on May 2, 1970. Thirty or more gathered to observe the proceedings at the meeting along with twelve board members. As of April 20th 90 new applications for national membership have been processed this term. The afternoon session was devoted to the coming reunion plans that were accepted in full. Registration fees: Adults, teens and your guests \$28.00, children \$16.00. The Fairmont Mayo Hotel is deluxe in every respect. Rates range from singles \$9.00/\$16.00, doubles \$13.00/\$15.00 and twins \$15.00/\$19.00, suites \$30.00/\$50.00. These rates do not include free parking. A spectacular Wednesday night opening should not be missed. Hospitality rooms to date: Thursday, Milwaukee-San Francisco; Friday, Philadelphia-Ohio-State; Saturday, St. Louis. Others are most welcome and one large room has been assigned for these occasions. A 24 hour Roundup Room will be open. Due to possible sale of YWCA Bldg, site of youth activities may have to be changed to another location. Due to oversight, reservation cards and program of events were not included in reunion packet mailed out. Be assured that the events are well planned. Please request reservation cards from William S. Dorman, 1216 National Bank of Tulsa Bldg., Tulsa, Okla. 74103.

The Board Meeting activities were closed with a gala party at the Elks Club. Thank you, Tulsa, you are a real asset to the CBIVA. And to all others I can say Tulsa will give us a truly great reunion August 5-8, 1970.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



AMERICAN soldier in uniform mingles with crowd on streets of Naihaiti, India. Photo by Robert H. Abney.

Getting Older

● It seems that we no sooner send in a check for our subscription renewals then it is time to do so all over again. That is a sure sign that we are getting older and that what happened as long ago as the CBI is taking on a roseate hue in retrospect. Never see anything about the 301st Air Service Group from any of your other correspondents. I'm sure the few of the Group with whom I am in contact subscribe to the magazine. Pop Reiss, Julie Levin, Vince Coddington, Ben Lifschultz, Ed Arsham and Sid Zimmerman, plus Dan Marr should be subscribers. If they or non-301sters Fred Shapiro, Joe Porcaro, and Bill Meikle are not, I'll get after them, if you let me know. My wife and I both enjoy every copy of the ROUNDUP and hope you will be able to continue publishing it for many years to come.

LOU SOLOMON,
Yonkers, N.Y.

19th Post Office

● It is hard to realize that it has been 25 years since I was in dear old India and China, seeing the sights and smelling the smells thereof. I put in my time with the fighting 19th Post

Office at Calcutta, Chabua and Shanghai. I fought the battle of the Chowringhee Road, Bubbling Well Road, got the typewriter ribbon with the paper clip cluster, did pick up a battle star for a convoy trip over the Burma Road. I still think of writing an article for you about the army postal service.

RAY CHAPMAN,
Lubbock, Texas

(We'd be most happy to have an article on the army postal service.—Ed.)



WATER coolies are shown carrying buckets down a flight of steps in hilly Chungking, China. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.

Edward C. Miller

● Col. Edward Charles Miller Jr., USA (ret.), 70, of Edison, N.J., died May 13, 1970, at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Colonel Miller, who retired in 1955 after 38 years of service, enlisted as a private in 1917 and was commissioned in 1919. He served in the India-Burma Theater in 1946 and in the same year was assigned to Japan where he was deputy civilian property custodian under Gen. Douglas A. MacArthur. He later served at the Pentagon, and following his retirement went to Lebanon where he was on the staff of the United Nations Relief & Rehabilitation Agency. Survivors include his wife, six brothers and two sisters.

(From an article in the Elizabeth, N.J., Daily Journal submitted by C. H. Wilson, Roselle Park, N.J.)

Awesome Ruggedness

● Spent a couple years in China with the 14th Air Force and was very much impressed with the awesome ruggedness of the Hump. I have always had great respect for those ATC people and others who constantly flew over it.

R. ANDRUSKIEWICZ,
Milwaukee, Wis.

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